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JULY 11, 1877.

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HUMOROUS WEEKLY

Puck

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OFFICE Nº 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



PUCK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

HE DOES HIS DUTY AS A PATRIOT, AND EXPLODES ALL THE FRAUDS.

"PUCK",

No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

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PUCK'S CARTOONS.

MILLIONS FOR SHOW—NOTHING FOR CHARITY.

GARDEN CITY, Long Island, is henceforth to be famous for its Cathedral, to be erected and endowed by the widow of the great dry-goods man. In olden times, when men's consciences smote them for evil deeds, if wealthy enough, they built churches to propitiate Providence. Did A. T. Stewart have their example in view when he gave his widow and Hilton discretionary power as to the purposes to which the vast wealth should be applied? If so, then Stewart is not the smart man we took him for. America is not the soil whereon ecclesiasticism can flourish—as in some priest-ridden countries. Our people wish to worship in their own fashion, to whatever denomination they may belong—and churches or cathedrals erected to perpetuate the name and millions of a wholesale and retail dry-goods dealer can only be looked upon as an exotic.

So much for the principles. But when Puck comes to examine the stones and other materials of the structure, his opinion is even less favorable. There are sermons in some of those stones, and inscriptions on others, which are unpleasantly suggestive of the character of its founder—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but Shakespeare says more truly: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

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"She ought to have taken the omnibus," said Sothern, looking in on her from the front platform.

"Why?" asked his companion.

"Because she's painted for the stage, but not for the cars."

"Twas a restless and feverish slumber,
 And his groans were indeed without number,
 Till at last, in despair,
 He jumped up in the air,
 Crying, "Darn that confounded cucumber!"

THE NEW CHURCH.

The rich man's heritage is given to God:

The gold he wrung from other men's distress,
 Who labored, like dull slaves beneath the rod,
 To win him wealth of their own weariness.
 The tears of women who looked to him for bread,
 Of beggared men he crowded from the mart,
 Are builded into stone. The huckster dead
 Seems yet to strive with heaven the fame to part.

Meanwhile his soul stands naked stript and bare
 Where no man takes with him the things of earth;

Saving remorse, egret and coil of care
 As poor and portionless as at his birth.

Sad lonely spirit, haven fain to seek,
 Is 't there that thou would'st turn for shelter?
 Speak!

TABLE LOVE.

A YOUNG lady fell in love with a waiter at a fashionable hotel—an exchange says—and married him. This is very gratifying as far as it goes, but the exchange does not give this item the elaboration of detail it deserves. Why are we not posted as regards the wily waiter's mode of love-making, that proved so eminently successful? Oh, there's no use trying to deceive us; we were there. We watched him, this humble servant of the napkin, and proud conqueror of the female heart.

She was looking through the bill of fare—she wanted macaroni-soup, and as his head bent low, she whispered in his ear: "Light of my life, my only hope—macaroni!" And he flew on the wings of love and brought her soup. And he said, when she had finished it: "Nymph of the golden sunset—*saumon a la tartare* or *croquettes de poulet*—which shall it be?" and she threw her eyes, with their love-light, full upon him, and said pullet, and he poured out a glass of fresh ice-water and several more burning words, and then went for the croquettes. And finally, when they had accepted each other: "Ernest, another plate of cream, please—to-night, at half-past seven, I will see you—"

"Will you have the roast rare, or well done? I shall ask your father's consent this evening, and then, perhaps—what vegetables will you take?"

She took them all. She would have taken more from his hands. Those same hands that wreathed roses for her hair, and could set the table more daintily than any others in the neighborhood, and plant the celery in more becoming attitudes than an old lady had ever been planted at a dinner table.

The happy day came. V. She would. He slipped a finger, and they were made man and wife. No further notice.

AMATEUR ACTING.

WHEN Puck ever does publish a thing that doesn't put an American to sleep or make 'im groan in despair, 'e ought to 'ave credit for it; and as 'e 'as laid 'imself out on laying 'out our hown particular detestation, the "hammachure hactor," in 'is mild series of "Select Committees," Puck reprints the following without compunction of conscience:

Q. I believe your chief employment in life is amateur acting?

A. Yes. I am a clerk in a Government Office, but I devote most of the time not claimed by the Service to learning my various parts.

Q. Have you had much experience in amateur acting?

A. A great deal. When I was seventeen I played the First Officer in the *Lady of Lyons*, and at eighteen doubled *Romeo* and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Q. What are your favourite parts?

A. *Dazzle* in *London Assurance*, *Sir Peter Teazle* in *The School for Scandal*, *Tony Lumpkin* in *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Mr. Golightly* in *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and *Macbeth*.

Q. What is your idea of acting?

A. To learn my words, and to go to a theatre where the piece for which I am cast is being played constantly, with a view to copying every movement of the actor whose part I am afterwards to sustain.

Q. Do you not think that it would be better to think out your parts for yourself, instead of giving a weak imitation of an old original?

A. Certainly not. My First Officer in the *Lady of Lyons* was never a great success until I had seen it played by some one else.

Q. What are your objects in acting?

A. First, to show myself in various costumes to my friends and relatives, and, secondly, to benefit some obscure charity.

Q. Does the obscure charity benefit very largely by your exertions?

A. Not very frequently. After all expenses have been paid, a five-pound note is rather a handsome average for the surplus.

Q. Are you aware that amateur performances in the country frequently do great injury to professional actors?

A. So I have been told.

Q. Are you aware that many a provincial manager and his company have been reduced to penury by these entertainments?

A. I believe so.

Q. Would you be surprised if a manager were to offer you more than thirty shillings a week to become a member of his company?

A. I should be very much surprised indeed.

Q. Would you (and I appeal to you as a sensible man) play the part of audience at an amateur performance in which you had no personal interest—I mean no part to play?

A. Under no consideration whatever.

[The Witness then withdrew.]

Puckerings.

THE following remarkable advertisement appeared in the *Herald*:

WANTED—RAILROAD TO CINCINNATI; MUST BE cheap. Address JONES, Herald office.

Who is Jones? Can he be a gigantic capitalist in our midst who has been quietly saving up enough money to buy a railroad? But what does he mean by cheap—10 cents, 10 dollars, or 10 billion dollars? There is a vagueness about the expression which somewhat weakens our confidence in the *bona fides* of Jones. Now, the Erie, New York Central and Pennsylvania roads all run halfway to Cincinnati; and Vanderbilt and Tom Scott are, no doubt, anxious to sell out, and as for the English stockholders of Erie, nothing would please them better.

PUCK moves, and waits for some one to second the motion, that hereafter, in strict conformity to etymological rules, these things be called *paragrams*.

"A PUDDING is boiled, and a pie is baked," said the Englishman to the Yankee when he called a pie a pudding.

"Get out!" said the Yankee, contemptuously, "a pudding in this country can be baked as well as boiled, and that's where we're ahead of your blasted monarchy."

"WHAT denomination is Beecher's church?" a *Sun* correspondent asks. A One-idea community, we should say, in believing in their pastor's innocence.

AND now comes a report from the wilds of North Carolina, that the deer are grown so numerous that they are destroying the crops. Next thing we shall hear of the festive wild-cat congregating in troops and going into the potato-bug business.

ABOUT this season the thin young man with a lofty brow, a melancholy eye, and the general appearance of a dyspeptic undertaker, tilts back the sub-editorial chair and murmurs: "Lemme see—lemme see! Green peaches—strawberries, pine-apples—guess it's time to waltz out that cucumber paragraph!"

THIS is the period when the short-sighted old maid who *will* play croquet, grasps her mallet with both hands, puckers up her gossip-funnel with a heroic determination to do or die, lights out for the red ball and catches her partner's silk stocking just on the turn of the ankle-bone.

SOLDENE, the sylph-like, smiles on New York in the Fall. And Aimée shrugs her shoulders, and remarks to her manager: "Eef I vas von hondaire years old, and had a mouse as beek as *tout al fresco*, I zink I would stay in San Fr-r-rancisco!"

DOWN in the deepest and liveliest of all the steep-down gulfs of liquid fire, sizzling all by himself, in solitary sulphurous grandeur, is an agonized wretch whose ceaseless howls sometimes strike a sympathetic chord even in the hearts of the attendant devils, who would feel inclined to spill an occasional bucket of water on his fevered brow, if it weren't against the rules of the place, and if they didn't know the awful extent of his iniquity. He is the man who first invented paragraphs.

EUREKA! We have passed many sleepless nights in wondering who the *Herald* P. I. man really was. We know now, and balmy slumbers will in future be our lot. We never thought he was an American, but are nevertheless surprised to learn he is a Chinaman.

"Over in Baxter Street yesterday a Chinaman became the father of an American-born son, and as he danced about, swinging his pigtail, he said:—'Me Melican man, all samee old Grantee. Me heap Washington. Me lightning rod agent. Me P. I. man. Go'way. Whoopee!'"

When he has cut off his pigtail, straightened out his eyes from the bias, and has been a few years longer in this country, his English and his wit may improve.

We sincerely trust that Mrs. P. I. and Infant are doing well, and hope the Baxter Street air will prove beneficial.

"LOVE thy neighbor as thyself," says Scripture. We guess we loved her better in our sparking days—when, before we became man and wife, she lived next door.

A KIND of spiritualism, it is reported, exists among the Fijians. A Captain Fitch tells us that when they are in a spasmodic condition, they profess to see their dead relatives, and foretell future events. Similar causes, strange to say, produce similar effects on some New Yorkers, many of whom, while under the influence of spirits, we have known to see a whole family of devils and imps, and tell us frequently that they will be d—d, while we have no reliable evidence to disprove their assertions.

"This case requires very gentle treatment," said the delicate newly-fledged lady-physician, as she turned up her shirt—we mean her dress—sleeves, displaying arms not remarkable for fleshy or muscular development—"and careful handling." And then she passed her hands under Jim Mauley's bullet-head, disfigured by black eyes and bloody nose, and moved it about the eighth of an inch from the ground. His fighting-weight is 180, and the excitement was a little unexpected argument with the Harlem Pet.

SUMMER RESORT NOTES.

PENSACOLA is an attractive place for all those who wish to be within five minutes' walk of the railway station.

ALL the paragraphers are going to TUCKAHOE this Summer. They may be visited with perfect safety, as their cages will be carefully guarded.

THE buttermilk bushes on MOUNT SHASTA are bearing finely, and guests may hunt this delicious game with No. 2 rods and yellow flies.

AMONG the distinguished visitors at MADISON SQUARE are Mr. Geo. F. Train and family, and Mr. Bili Badtschiesz, the popular agent of the Associated Press.

THE hotels at HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON have resolved to draw the line of admissibility in religion at the Transubstantiationists. Their Patripathean guests insist upon it.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, contrary to the erroneous report which has been going round for some time, will not be leveled this year, but will remain in their natural unfinished condition.

THOSE who seek perfect quiet, and freedom from fashionable excitement, should patronize WOODLAWN, on the Harlem R. R., where they can be accommodated to their entire satisfaction.

THE hotels of BRICKVILLE, N. J., have inaugurated a system of unprecedented liberality. Every guest is provided with a hammer, with which to knock the mosquitoes on the head. As a hammer lasts little more than one week, this is a great drain on the finances of the landlord.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

WHETHER the heat has prostrated Hymen, or whether he has taken a brief vacation, in order to enjoy himself at some fashionable watering-place, PUCK does not know, but it is certain that this week there are but few matrimonial engagements to record. Of these the most noteworthy are those we give below:

TILTON-BEECHER.—The Rev. Mr. E. Tilton is soon to enter into the bonds of wedlock with Miss Henrietta W. Beecher. The bride is no longer in her first youth.

BARRY-WOODHULL.—Mr. William Barry, the well-known Ethiopian scholar, is soon to wed Miss V. Woodhull, a lady of tender years, who has but lately graduated from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville.

HAMILTON-MEDILL.—Mr. G. Hamilton and Miss Josephine Medill are announced as among the couples who will probably seek the hymeneal altar at the end of the Summer season. It is rumored that in this case there has been an *affaire du cœur* existing for a long time.

EHRET-MURPHY.—The engagement is now made public of Mr. Geo. Ehret, the eloquent temperance agitator, and Miss Francisca Murphy, daughter of the celebrated liquor-dealer of that name. The marriage will take place in August. The bride will wear white, with blue ribbons.

ENGLISH HUMOR.

THE experienced Town-Crier of the *San Francisco News Letter*, having become inspired by our recent article on English fun, thus unbosoms himself:

"PUCK is very severe on the dreariness of English comic papers, and, in our opinion, very unjustly so. He has evidently never heard of the good which a popular humorous (?) London weekly once worked; so if he will sit on our knee for two minutes, and not draw cartoons on our shirt-front, we will tell PUCK all about it. Once upon a time, PUCK, there was a very naughty, naughty man, who had killed his wife and four children, poisoned the house-dog, to prevent his peaching, and set fire to a theatre. He was caught, tried, and acquitted on all the charges except dog-poisoning, for which he was condemned to die. For seven weeks he lay in jail, and was visited by three ministers daily. He read eleven thousand four hundred and twelve tracts, but still his heart was hard, and he did not repent. He had no fear of hell, or hopes of heaven, and all the ministers shook their heads and said 'Woe!' At last a kind-hearted jailor, seeing how tormented he was by their ministrations, brought him a funny English paper, full of witty jokes and side-splitting puns. Three hours afterward, cries were heard coming from his cell, and guards, rushing in, found tears streaming from his eyes, and contrition oozing from every pore. 'Let me die!' he cried, 'I am willing to be hanged. I desire to expiate my sins on the gallows! I'm a wicked, bad man, and deserve death, but oh! take away that paper! I don't deserve that! Please take it away, and leave me in peace during the last few hours I have to live.' He was executed, and was thoroughly humble and contrite up to the last. Now, PUCK, don't you abuse English comic papers any more."

After the above remarks from the *San Francisco News Letter*, what can PUCK do but express his deepest and sincerest contrition, and promise humbly to heed the exhortation of his brilliant brother of the far West; whose golden words are ever sweet to PUCK's youthful ears?

Answers for the Anxious.

KEOKUK. Send them on.

YES. No; not by no means.

J. LATHROP R. We have seen it.

BINGO. Never do it again. And never let anybody you know ever do it again.

ELLA E. RICHARDS.—We penetrate the thin disguise of your name. Go and shave yourself.

SAM'L P.—Certainly, we will insert your contribution, if you desire it. You can have it put on the last page at a dollar a line, or with *adv.* at the end, for two dollars.

PLAT., Galveston.—If we had a leg three thousand miles long, we should kick you. After that, it is scarcely necessary to say that we have given your poem our respectful attention.

J. B. S.—It is a most charming production, that poem of yours. But we think you will find it would show to more advantage in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, second page, 2d column, poet's corner.

GOURMET.—No; whatever may be your yearnings after elegance, when you invite a friend to corned-beef and cabbage, with pumpkin-pie for dessert, it will not do to put the viands down on the menu as *Cronstades a l'Orientale* and *Macedoines aux conserves*.

MADISON.—No, we have not the smallest objection to your paragraph. Only, it isn't a paragraph. It isn't funny. It isn't seasonable, and won't be, short of next Christmas. We haven't any objection, however, to the contribution, as a contribution. It hasn't done us any injury, and it takes more than that to impair our digestive faculties. But it is not even probable that it will be published in PUCK.

BASHFUL LOVER.—You are referred to Mr. Chas. A. Dana, of the *Sun*, who has made a study of such cases as yours. If our own opinion is of any value to you, you are welcome to it. But we should say, judging simply as an unbiased and uninterested party, that if you went to call on the young lady, intending to stay till 3 A.M., and if she called her father to bounce you at 20 minutes past 7, it doesn't make much difference whether he took you by the coat-collar or by the slack of your breeches—the inference is, that your attentions were distasteful to her, if not to him. There is no use in trying to confuse this matter by casuistical distinctions; if you are the man of lofty intelligence and keen perceptions you represent yourself, you would have taken in the situation the first moment the old man reached for you. However, go and ask Mr. Dana.

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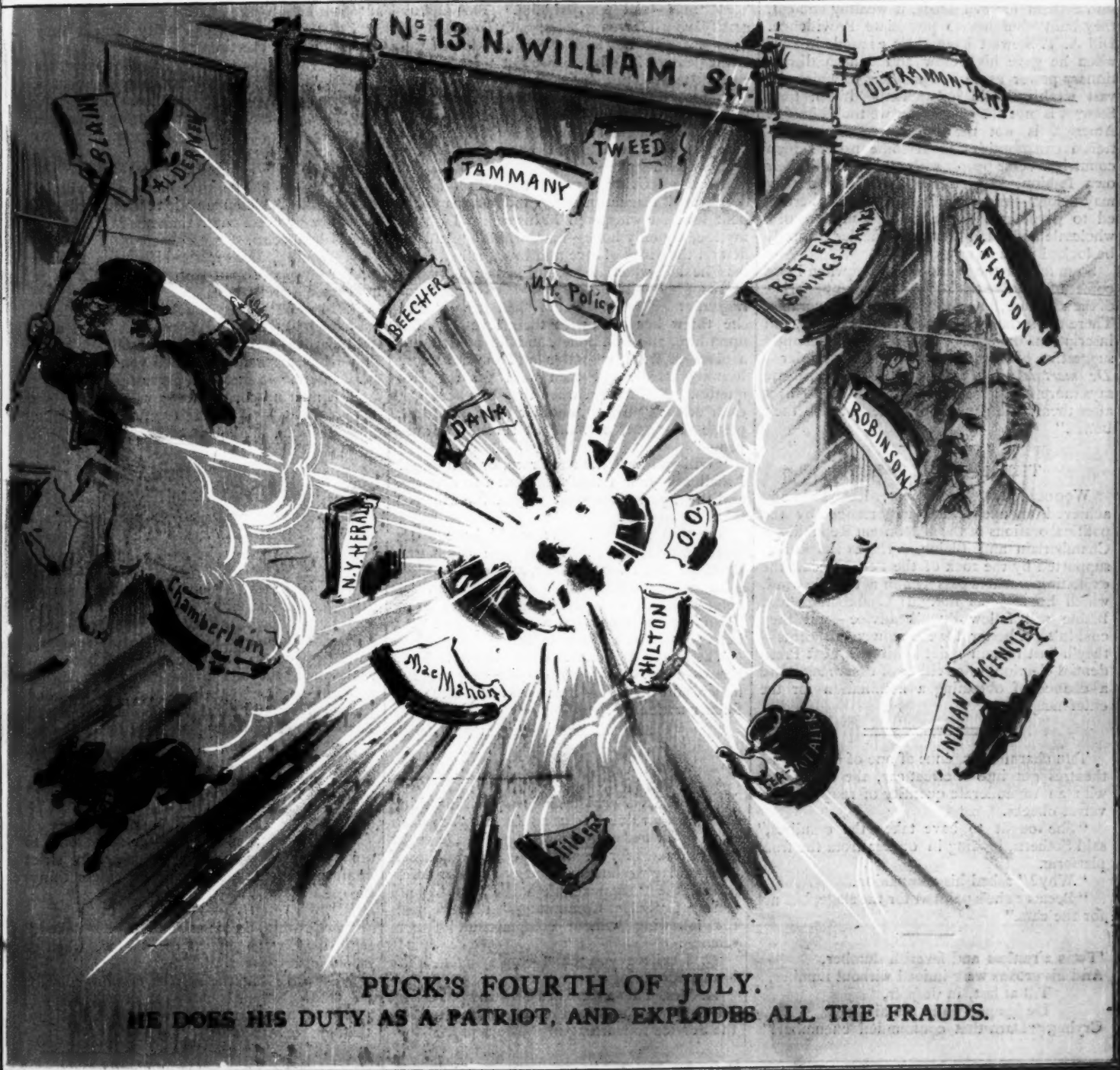
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DOWN in the deepest and liveliest of all the steep-down gulfs of liquid fire, sizzling all by himself, in solitary sulphurous grandeur, is an agonized wretch whose ceaseless howls sometimes strike a sympathetic chord even in the hearts of the attendant devils, who would feel inclined to spill an occasional bucket of water on his fevered brow, if it weren't against the rules of the place, and if they didn't know the awful extent of his iniquity. He is the man who first invented paragraphs.

EUREKA! We have passed many sleepless nights in wondering who the *Herald* P. I. man really was. We know now, and balmy slumbers will in future be our lot. We never thought he was an American, but are nevertheless surprised to learn he is a Chinaman.

"Over in Baxter Street yesterday a Chinaman became the father of an American-born son, and as he danced about, swinging his pigtail, he said:—'Me Melican man, all samee old Grantee. Me heap Washington. Me lightning rod agent. Me P. I. man. Go'way. Whoopee!'"

When he has cut off his pigtail, straightened out his eyes from the bias, and has been a few years longer in this country, his English and his wit may improve.

We sincerely trust that Mrs. P. I. and Infant are doing well, and hope the Baxter Street air will prove beneficial.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," says Scripture. We guess we loved her better in our sparking days—when, before we became man and wife, she lived next door.

A KIND of spiritualism, it is reported, exists among the Fijians. A Captain Fitch tells us that when they are in a spasmodic condition, they profess to see their dead relatives, and foretell future events. Similar causes, strange to say, produce similar effects on some New Yorkers, many of whom, while under the influence of spirits, we have known to see a whole family of devils and imps, and tell us frequently that they will be d—d, while we have no reliable evidence to disprove their assertions.

"This case requires very gentle treatment," said the delicate newly-fledged lady-physician, as she turned up her shirt—we mean her dress—sleeves, displaying arms not remarkable for fleshy or muscular development—"and careful handling." And then she passed her hands under Jim Mauley's bullet-head, disfigured by black eyes and bloody nose, and moved it about the eighth of an inch from the ground. His fighting-weight is 180, and the excitement was a little unexpected argument with the Harlem Pet.

SUMMER RESORT NOTES.

PENSACOLA is an attractive place for all those who wish to be within five minutes' walk of the railway station.

ALL the paragraphers are going to TUCKAHOE this Summer. They may be visited with perfect safety, as their cages will be carefully guarded.

THE buttermilk bushes on MOUNT SHASTA are bearing finely, and guests may hunt this delicious game with No. 2 rods and yellow flies.

AMONG the distinguished visitors at MADISON SQUARE are Mr. Geo. F. Train and family, and Mr. Bili Badtschiesz, the popular agent of the Associated Press.

THE hotels at HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON have resolved to draw the line of admissibility in religion at the Transubstantiationists. Their Patripathean guests insist upon it.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, contrary to the erroneous report which has been going round for some time, will not be leveled this year, but will remain in their natural unfinished condition.

THOSE who seek perfect quiet, and freedom from fashionable excitement, should patronize WOODLAWN, on the Harlem R. R., where they can be accommodated to their entire satisfaction.

THE hotels of BRICKVILLE, N. J., have inaugurated a system of unprecedented liberality. Every guest is provided with a hammer, with which to knock the mosquitoes on the head. As a hammer lasts little more than one week, this is a great drain on the finances of the landlord.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

WHETHER the heat has prostrated Hymen, or whether he has taken a brief vacation, in order to enjoy himself at some fashionable watering-place, PUCK does not know, but it is certain that this week there are but few matrimonial engagements to record. Of these the most noteworthy are those we give below:

TILTON-BEECHER.—The Rev. Mr. E. Tilton is soon to enter into the bonds of wedlock with Miss Henrietta W. Beecher. The bride is no longer in her first youth.

BARRY-WOODHULL.—Mr. William Barry, the well-known Ethiopian scholar, is soon to wed Miss V. Woodhull, a lady of tender years, who has but lately graduated from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville.

HAMILTON-MEDILL.—Mr. G. Hamilton and Miss Josephine Medill are announced as among the couples who will probably seek the hymeneal altar at the end of the Summer season. It is rumored that in this case there has been an *affaire du cœur* existing for a long time.

EHRET-MURPHY.—The engagement is now made public of Mr. Geo. Ehret, the eloquent temperance agitator, and Miss Francisca Murphy, daughter of the celebrated liquor-dealer of that name. The marriage will take place in August. The bride will wear white, with blue ribbons.

ENGLISH HUMOR.

THE experienced Town-Crier of the *San Francisco News Letter*, having become inspired by our recent article on English fun, thus unbosoms himself:

"PUCK is very severe on the dreariness of English comic papers, and, in our opinion, very unjustly so. He has evidently never heard of the good which a popular humorous (?) London weekly once worked; so if he will sit on our knee for two minutes, and not draw cartoons on our shirt-front, we will tell PUCK all about it. Once upon a time, PUCK, there was a very naughty, naughty man, who had killed his wife and four children, poisoned the house-dog, to prevent his peaching, and set fire to a theatre. He was caught, tried, and acquitted on all the charges except dog-poisoning, for which he was condemned to die. For seven weeks he lay in jail, and was visited by three ministers daily. He read eleven thousand four hundred and twelve tracts, but still his heart was hard, and he did not repent. He had no fear of hell, or hopes of heaven, and all the ministers shook their heads and said 'Woe!' At last a kind-hearted jailor, seeing how tormented he was by their ministrations, brought him a funny English paper, full of witty jokes and side-splitting puns. Three hours afterward, cries were heard coming from his cell, and guards, rushing in, found tears streaming from his eyes, and contrition oozing from every pore. 'Let me die!' he cried, 'I am willing to be hanged. I desire to expiate my sins on the gallows! I'm a wicked, bad man, and deserve death, but oh! take away that paper! I don't deserve that! Please take it away, and leave me in peace during the last few hours I have to live.' He was executed, and was thoroughly humble and contrite up to the last. Now, PUCK, don't you abuse English comic papers any more."

After the above remarks from the *San Francisco News Letter*, what can PUCK do but express his deepest and sincerest contrition, and promise humbly to heed the exhortation of his brilliant brother of the far West; whose golden words are ever sweet to PUCK's youthful ears?

Answers for the Anxious.

KEOKUK. Send them on.

YES. No; not by no means.

J. LATHROP R. We have seen it.

BINGO. Never do it again. And never let anybody you know ever do it again.

ELLA E. RICHARDS.—We penetrate the thin disguise of your name. Go and shave yourself.

SAM'L P.—Certainly, we will insert your contribution, if you desire it. You can have it put on the last page at a dollar a line, or with *adv.* at the end, for two dollars.

PLAT., Galveston.—If we had a leg three thousand miles long, we should kick you. After that, it is scarcely necessary to say that we have given your poem our respectful attention.

J. B. S.—It is a most charming production, that poem of yours. But we think you will find it would show to more advantage in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, second page, 2d column, poet's corner.

GOURMET.—No; whatever may be your yearnings after elegance, when you invite a friend to corned-beef and cabbage, with pumpkin-pie for dessert, it will not do to put the viands down on the menu as *Cronstades a l'Orientale* and *Macedoines aux conserves*.

MADISON.—No, we have not the smallest objection to your paragraph. Only, it isn't a paragraph. It isn't funny. It isn't seasonable, and won't be, short of next Christmas. We haven't any objection, however, to the contribution, as a contribution. It hasn't done us any injury, and it takes more than that to impair our digestive faculties. But it is not even probable that it will be published in PUCK.

BASHFUL LOVER.—You are referred to Mr. Chas. A. Dana, of the *Sun*, who has made a study of such cases as yours. If our own opinion is of any value to you, you are welcome to it. But we should say, judging simply as an unbiased and uninterested party, that if you went to call on the young lady, intending to stay till 3 a.m., and if she called her father to bounce you at 20 minutes past 7, it doesn't make much difference whether he took you by the coat-collar or by the slack of your breeches—the inference is, that your attentions were distasteful to her, if not to him. There is no use in trying to confuse this matter by casuistical distinctions; if you are the man of lofty intelligence and keen perceptions you represent yourself, you would have taken in the situation the first moment the old man reached for you. However, go and ask Mr. Dana.

A PRODIGIOUS PROTEGÉE.

SHE was a prodigy! The newspapers had also contained the succulently-sensational information that she was a protégée by decree of court, and that what the judge had joined together (returnable in the sweet September) no man should put asunder.

Therefore, when she came into the dining-room of her guardian's residence, one pleasant evening, my eyes were instantly attracted from the enchanting view of river and mountain, blending in a sort of purple glory, to the demure miss whose cheeks flamed magenta-red, and whose black eyes were bent modestly upon the ground. She was the most demure—the most modest—the most respectful—child I ever saw. A sweet diffidence colored her cheeks and retarded her speech simultaneously. She was all childish ingenuousness; and one would have sworn, perceiving her unassuming simplicity, that her stage-life had failed to impress itself upon her tender years, other than as an incident which she could lay aside with her costumes and the other paraphernalia of her working-day world.

But she was a prodigy, and, in utter defiance of the Supreme Court, she soon asserted herself rather a prodigy than a protégée.

The life of a child of the theatre is a deplorable one. Its little brain is taxed with a feat of memory, to which it soon joins the excitement of an appearance in public night after night. If it has a careful mother, the painfulness of its position is alleviated by watchful attention and companionship; it is put to bed, and nursed and tended, and for one-half the day it may forget that there is such a place as the theatre, and that it is obliged to make an exhibition of its callous and tortured intellect there. But given home surroundings of a lax character, and—presto! in the twinkling of an eye, the child becomes a little Bohemian, fond of its suppers, fond of late hours, disposed to arise as near noon as may be, and suddenly versed in all the slang of the day and *patois* of the stage. Associated in the enactment of scenes of grand passion and furious sentimentality, its ideas expand with the thoughts of the playwright and the methods of its associates, and then—and then it goes into the provinces and appears as *Juliet*.

Or—fact, I assure you—*Camille*!

Many stage children have become useful and honorable members of society—witness the Batemans—or have preserved their ingenuous and modest character—see Bijou Heron—but our prodigy protégée, and those like her, are made of sterner stuff!

With the traits of a Bohemian, she combined the proficiency off the stage of a trained actress, and simulated lost childhood so well, that it was never suspected but that she retained its genuine charm, until she had flown from the tranquil scene, rendered hateful by being put to bed at nine o'clock, and treated generally as an *enfant sensible*.

She wanted to be *terrible*—and she succeeded.

That amiable gentleman, her guardian, in his endeavors to teach the young idea how to shoot her former theatrical-Bohemian predilections, earned her lasting enmity by causing her to remove from her round cheeks upwards of a pound of peculiarly red paint—something she did not in the least need, but which she adopted out of conformity to the customs of the stage, quite regardless of the fact that daylight tries the best of complexions. Her "curse scene" was, it was discovered, his portion, because of his rigid adherence to that excellent maxim—early to bed and early to rise, makes a protégée healthy, wealthy and wise.

But this protégée had the wisdom of the

sarpint inherent—she managed to slope. And, after the country roundabout was roused on her behalf, the discovery was made that her small heart had been going out in rapturous exhalations of affection to a male native of Massachusetts, and that she had expressed a desire to wile away the tedium of life in the country by a flirtation with the mounted policeman of the precinct.

Some prodigies' emotions are born with their début, and only cease with their last appearance as any protégée.

Poor little protégée-prodigy, who wanted to be sixteen and marry in Massachusetts, who is responsible for your misguided, precociously developed nature? Yourself, or your sponsors in baptism?

You are an excellent little actress, though, and, to reverse a frequent saying, the stage has, in gaining you, robbed society of one of its brightest histrionic-domestic ornaments!

WALSINGHAM.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE AGAIN.

PUCK administered to Mr. White a gentle rap over the knuckles a short time ago, but with apparently little effect, for the misguided man still continues to inflict on a submissive public two columns of twaddle on "Every-Day English" in the Sunday edition of the New York Times.

It probably amuses him, and pleases Mr. Jones to pay for the articles; but this is where the fun ends, for few intelligent readers could get beyond the first paragraph with any but the foggiest of notions as to what White was driving at. Now, PUCK is generous to a fault—indeed, to two or three faults—and he, having the good of the public at heart, has for their benefit waded through Mr. White's verbiage; but it was hard work, and he wouldn't like to do it every day. He neither writes tersely nor logically, and PUCK doubts his competency to discuss the subject at all. His sentences are awkwardly constructed, and he boxes the compass in his endeavor to make a point, and then he doesn't make it. What PUCK, or even less-gifted beings, could express in a dozen words, Mr. White finds fifty necessary for, and that is a moderate estimate. Behold a specimen:

"Although I do not see a proof of these articles, they have generally been printed much as they would have been if I had had the opportunity of correcting them in that form; although I believe there is no writer who does not detect in proof slips of his own making, as well as errors of the composing-room; the change of form from manuscript to print bringing that sharply to his attention which otherwise he might pass over. But in the last article were several annoying errors. For example, in the second paragraph, *Cæsar* twice for *Cicero*; elsewhere, word for vowel, and others which need not be pointed out, these being mentioned only that their nature may not be misapprehended."

Anybody but White would have said: "I do not see the proofs of my articles, consequently last week there were several errors—*Cæsar* for *Cicero*; word for vowel, and others."

PUCK has heard that proof-slips have one or two errors occasionally; and how could White see "a proof of these articles," unless they were printed together? He meant "proofs." And what is the use of the rigmarole about "composing-rooms" and "manuscript and print," &c.?

The only paragraph that meets with PUCK's almost unqualified approval is the last:

"And now, for the present, I hope that my readers will agree with me that we have had quite enough about spelling."

Add the words "and myself" and the sentiment is perfect.

If the Mayor has a vacant dog-catchership, Puck nominates Mr. White for the post. Bastard Latin is called dog-Latin; but Richard Grant White would be able to give full play to his dog-English.

JONES JUNCTION JOURNALISM AGAIN.

WE clip the following noble words from the—Jones Junction *Journal*:

"The situation of affairs on the other side has turned out precisely as we predicted. The effete monarchies of Europe stand trembling and awe-struck, and their tottering thrones are shaken to their foundations. It is unnecessary to remark that, had our reiterated advice been followed, this would never have happened. But, blinded by their oligarchical arrogance, the fore-doomed despots of Europe refused to check their course; and where are they now? It was we who, when no other journal in the country dared raise its voice, protested—we refer to the untrammelled fulminations on our inside pages, and not to the remarks on our outside, which is patent—against the inauguration of a war which for fiendish atrocity will have no parallel in all the blood-stained annals of suicidal desperation, until the man-fiend William B. Russell shaves his head, and, coiling the pig-tail of the Turk about him, turns on the religion which he even now regards in secret with unfriendliness, not to say inimicality. But the war was inaugurated, and where is it now?"

"Nor is this all. Our voice was unheeded, but we felt it was our duty to cry aloud our clarion notes of warning to the insensate nations rushing on to their own destruction. There was no misunderstanding what we said. We illustrated our position with a war-map—and we here take occasion to refute the vile insinuation of the *Advertiser* concerning the nature of that map, of which the topography was perfectly correct, being printed right side up, as we are ready to prove from the artist, who is prepared to swear that it was not a plan of the Centennial grounds that had been used for a planer. But where is it now?"

"We have finished. The proud consciousness is ours of having done our duty. Whatever may happen now—and the worst is to be apprehended—it cannot be laid at our door. Our hands are clean, whatever obscure rival sheets may have to say on this subject. Hereafter we shall stand aloof, and only say, as Europe rushes on to carnage, and bathes her gory hands in the life-blood of the Softa and the Phylloxera, and tears the shrieking Bashi-Bazouk from its mother's breast—where are they now?"

PUCK'S PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY OUR OWN HERALD.

MRS. VAN COTT likes Murphies.

HAIL COLUMBIA is no relation to Hail Gamilton.

Isn't it strange that many a beet has a turnip nose?

RICHARD GRANT WHITE can spell mosquito with six keys.

MR. LANCASTER, author of "The Fatted Calf," is taking a vacation.

CRONIN will go anaconda-hunting this Summer. His field of operations will probably be his boots.

VALENTINE, the distinguished foreign traveler, has been at Saratoga killing white whales for the Aquarium.

SCHENCK, the eminent German editor, can tell a story in six different languages, and get a different laugh every time.

THERE is no truth in the rumor that Wagner has been engaged to lead the orchestra at the Columbia Opera House.

GEN. FRANK SPINOLA's wonderful Shirt Collar will summer at Saratoga. The General will probably go along too.

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT, president of the well-known society of that name, is soon to make his début on the professional stage.

A DUEL IN FRANCE.



1. M. Adolphe-Gustave-Victor Robinet is very short-sighted—painfully short-sighted, in fact.



2. Which is the reason why he took this highly respectable but choleric gentleman for a letter-box.



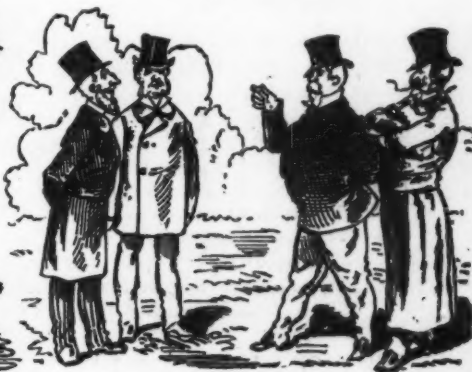
3. Whence a duel. "Had he taken me for a hound—for-r-r a lache, a cochon—the insult might have been condoned—but a letter-r-r-r-box!"



4. But when the momentous day arrives, the seconds of M. Adolphe-Gustave-Victor are obliged to hold a long consultation over the infirmity of their principal.



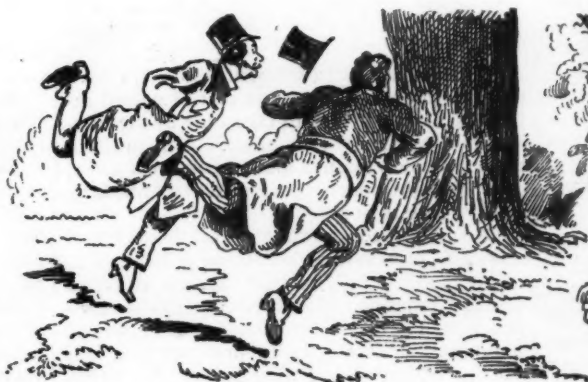
5. On the grounds selected is a large tree. The seconds are pleased to observe this. For something has been weighing on their minds. In what direction will the short-sighted Adolphe-Gustave-Victor fire his deadly weapon?



6. It is agreed that the order to fire shall be given from the tree.



7. So Adolphe-Gustave-Victor is placed according to the rules of the game.



8. And the seconds retire.



9. They retire up that tree.



10. Now at least they are safe. The word is given.



11. But no! Adolphe-Gustave-Victor is of a generous spirit. The blood of an adversary shall not be upon his head. He will fire in the air.



12. And he does.

A PENITENT PROPOSAL.

FICKLE heart, fickle love, where dost thou stray,
Is there no voice that can bid thee obey,
Constantly, truly—no charm that can stay

Thy passionate, unrestrained flight?
Ah, sweetest sweet of sweets,
When love from love retreats,
Sad from its own defeats,
See how thy heart it meets
Filled with delight.

I do not prize thee, sweet, one-half so well,
For joys that in thy breast passionless dwell,
As for that gift of thine, charm to repel
Thoughts of the loves I have lost,
By thy pure nature stayed,
All idle love is laid
By its own wiles betrayed,
Banished by thy sweet aid,
Teaching love's cost.

Truer heart, dearer heart, purer than all,
In thine own inmost soul my love install,
Let but one gracious word graciously fall,
On my life, love-beguiled, lone,
Say that though fickle, free—
Love can be chained by thee,
E'en though in sportive glee
Passion have made his plea
Elsewhere; oh, say thou'lt be—
Darling, mine own?

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

THE FATE OF THE LAST MAN.

ACCORDING to scientific speculations a horrible death awaits the last man.

The "last man" alluded to is not a shoemaker, though a horrible death may be in store for some of them, too.

The "last" man who promises to have your boots finished on Saturday night without fail, and you call for them only to learn that he hasn't put a "last" in them, surely deserves a horrible death.

The last man to whom the scientists refer is the last of the human family to inherit this earth; and, if they don't reason erroneously, either one of the following deaths will overtake him:

1. The waters will gradually cover the earth, and the last man will be starved or drowned.

The last man should charter a vessel and lay in a stock of provisions to last him at least seventy years. By so doing he may live long enough to die a natural death, and thus escape the fate scientists have prepared for him.

2. By the accumulation of ice at the North Pole, and melting away at the South Pole, the earth's gravity will suddenly change, and the last man will be drowned by a rush of waters.

By this time Puck will be issued daily, and will publish an extra edition, giving a full and reliable account of the catastrophe, furnished by the last man himself, up to the hour of going to press, accompanied with illustrations taken on the spot. Now is the time to subscribe.

3. The earth will collide with a comet, and the last man, if not suffocated, will be blown up.

Prof. Parkhurst will furnish Puck with a full description and diagnosis of the celestial visitor a few days in advance of the collision, and all who may be so fortunate as to be readers of this paper will have ample time to seek a place of safety, and thus escape the impending danger. Single copies ten cents.

4. The planets are losing their velocity, and the earth, obeying the law of gravitation, will get closer and closer to the sun. Hence the last man will be sunstruck.

Forewarned is forearmed, and if the last man will take our advice he will wear a cabbage-leaf in his hat and sign the Murphy pledge, both of which are said to be excellent preventives of *coup de soleil*.

5. The amount of water on the earth is slowly diminishing, and at the same time the air is losing in quantity and quality. Finally the earth will be an arid waste, and the last man will be suffocated.

In view of this drying-up of the waters, servant girls, particularly those in Philadelphia, should be warned right away against their wanton waste of the aqueous fluid in washing pavements and splashing the pantaloons of store-clerks. If this sidewalk-drenching nuisance was abolished, much water and profanity would be saved, and the last man would escape *that* death, anyhow.

6. Other suns have disappeared, and ours must, sooner or later, blaze up and fizzle out, too—and the last man will be burned to death.

It is difficult to provide against such a catastrophe—though the last man might emigrate to the Arctic regions, where for half the year there is no sun to blaze up and disappear.

7. The sun's fire will gradually burn out, and the last man will be frozen to death.

Luckily, coal was never much cheaper than at present, and now is a good time for the last man to lay in a sufficient stock to tide him over all the years of his natural life. With a cellar full of coal, and a blazing fire in the parlor-grate, the last man is not likely to freeze to death, sun or no sun.

8. A gradual cooling of the earth will produce enormous fissures; the earth's surface will become extremely unstable, until the remnant of humanity will take refuge in caves, in one of which subterranean retreats the last man will be crushed to death.

The last man should paste this 8th theory in his hat, and, when the earth begins to cool, stick to his gloomy range, and let caves alone.

9th and last. The earth will at last separate into small fragments, leaving the people without any foothold, and the last man will have a fatal fall through space.

It is a mighty mean scientist who won't give the last man a foothold; and that ill-starred individual would do well to take time by the forelock and study up aerostation. A man in a balloon wouldn't want a foothold on terra firma, and sailing through space is not so unhealthy as falling through space.

Of all the theories produced by these several scientists, however, we are strongly inclined to favor the first. The last man will starve to death. When he discovers that all the newspaper editors in the country are dead, he will purchase a double-cylinder press, go west and start an eight-page morning paper. After this, his starvation is only a question of time—and a very short time at that. Hundreds of editors to-day, all over the country, are starving to death, and they are not the Last Man, either. Editors may write powerful leaders on finance, commencing, "Pay up! Pay up! We want money;" but their readers seem to regard that sort of literature with contempt; and probably a subscriber who is five years in arrears, will send the editor a note worded as follows: "Please Don't stop my Paper. Times is awful hard; but as soon as I Sell one of my Seven Dogs for 20 dollars, I'll square up."

Seriously, though, it is going to be very unhealthy for the Last Man, and if we were that individual, we should be tempted to commit suicide, and let the honor fall on other shoulders.

But suppose the last man should be a woman! By what process of reasoning do the scientists reach the conclusion that the last person on this earth will be a man? According to the last census, woman is largely in the majority in this and other countries, and the probabilities

are that the Last Man will be a woman. And picture to yourself the awful situation of that lonely woman! No neighbors to run down! No dry-goods stores to visit! No young woman living across the way on whose account she is induced to sit up until midnight to ascertain what hour her young man leaves! No inducement to buy the handsomest and costliest bonnet in town, to create a demon of jealousy in the breasts of those Brown girls! No—

But the picture is too terrible; let us draw a veil right here.

B. DADD.

LITTLE TOMMY'S TALKS.

VI.

I DON'T like S'toga.
I found out vat the
springs are.
They ain't fings to
jump on and turn som-
ersteps on a mattress.
They're water.
Rotten water.
When eggs taste the
way springs do, my
mama tells the cook to



send a scold to the grocery-man.

She says the hens—hens are the way eggs are made—the hens have been setting on 'em. I guess somebody must have been setting on the springs at S'toga.

They taste bad.

The springs are kept in a little house wiv a roof and no sides. A boy fishes for 'em wiv a big stick wiv glasses on it.

The first day I came up here I drank some spring, and pretty soon I fought there wasn't going to be any more little Tommy left.

There are over fings besides springs at S'toga.

There's a big boo'ful house where my big brover Jim used to go every night. He doesn't go there any more now.

One night when he wasn't looking I went in along wiv him. Nobody saw me till I got inside.

Then they put me out.

But my big brover Jim came along too—he came right out wiv me.

And he wasn't nasty a bit. He was ever so nice.

He took me wound to hear the music, and he took me to the place where ice-cream grows; and he gave me lots of ice-cream; and he let me 'moke a little bit of his cigar.

I didn't want to 'moke much.

My big brover Jim's cigars aren't like my papa's pipe. They're little, and all squeezed up in paper like the fings my sister Sylvia puts her hair in at night.

Then my big brover Jim gave me lemonade that night, and candy, and all sorts of fings, and took me to hear the music.

And when he went home he said I was a good little boy, and not to tell mama anything about how I went to the big boo'ful house, or she might 'pank me. Anyway my big brover Jim said I mustn't say anything about the big green tables wiv cards and fings that rolled round on them in the big house, or else she'd 'pank me awful.

'N' I didn't mean to, eiver.

But I was sick that night. I suppose it was going to hear the music.

I had awful dreams and nightmares, and fings, and I guessed I talked a lot about the boo'ful house.

But my mama didn't 'pank me.

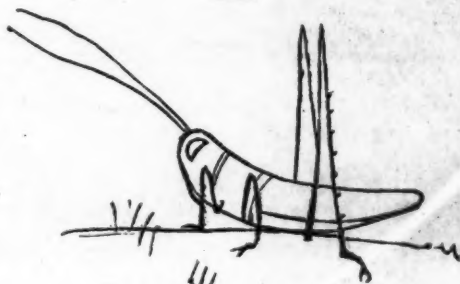
Guess she fought I was too sick to be 'panked. P'r'aps she 'panked my big brover Jim for me.

'Cause now he's awful cross, and he won't go to the big boo'ful house any more, and he doesn't take me wound and give me fings.

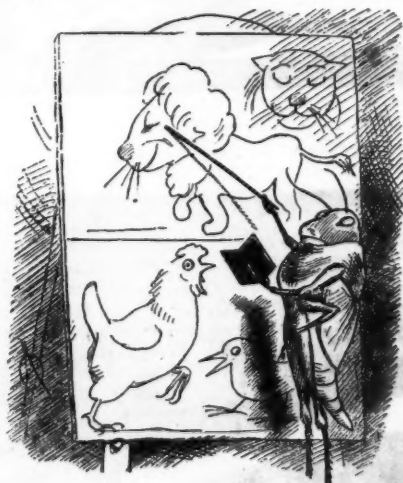
I fink it's real mean of my big brover Jim.

LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Concluded.)

THE GRASSHOPPER. (*Terror fani.*)

The Grasshopper is a sort of light-comedian among insects. He is an amusing and amiable individual; but there is sometimes too much of him, especially out West. When he comes to pay a visit, he brings all his family along with him; and he is a fecund animal and a numerous parent. His appetite is generally good, and he is rarely troubled with dyspepsia. The grasshopper has, along with many shining virtues, various little prejudices. He is apt to entertain a bad opinion of any one who troubles him, while he holds his friends in high esteem. Therefore, whenever he has occasion to deliver a lecture on natural history, he classifies the beasts after an arbitrary method of his own. Our illustration shows the grasshopper giving his ideas on this subject. Please observe the look of gratified pride which comes over the face of the lion when the grasshopper gives him a good notice. Also look at the tiger in the upper R. H. corner, waiting for a similar notice. The hen and the sparrow, on the lower part of the black-board, appear hurt at the grasshopper's remarks.



The grasshopper has a great deal of leg, which he exhibits without the slightest modesty. He would sing in operas, too, if called upon, without creating any such disturbance as Miss Abbott did—but he can't sing. And his legs, which might prove useful to him in dancing, are never employed in that gay and festive sport, a hop being the nearest approach to Terpsichore that he has ever been guilty of. The grasshopper may have his uses, but aside from a very limited manufacture of molasses, not sufficient to be sent to market, he doesn't pan out well in utility. He can also be called the hoppergrass, if you prefer it, and he doesn't complain, no matter what you call him.

THE CRAB. (*Cancer.*)

The Crab is a very eccentric youth, and seems to have had his education in physical deportment neglected from his earliest infancy. He can't walk straight, and when he eats never uses a fork or a spoon. The only way to cure the crab of his wild fancy for walking backwards, is to lay for him until you've made up your mind which is his head and which is his tail, and then hammer him over the latter with something until he is dead. One advantage that the crab has by walking backwards is that he never bumps his head against any obstacle. Which makes it pleasant to be a crab.

The crab has a very versatile clutch, and knows a good thing when he sees it; which he holds on to with commendable tenacity. Crab-apples do not look in the slightest like a crab, hence their name. The crab carries a pair of scissors about with him in each hand, so that he can cut anybody's acquaintance he chooses; though this is sheer folly, as there are not many people who care for crabs, unless they are soft-shell, and then they are too expensive to be enjoyed.

(The picture is a lobster instead of a crab—but that is the artist's fault.)

THE SNAIL. (*Gasteropoda.*)

The Snail has many virtues, but energy is not one of them. It takes a snail longer to get up-town than a horse-car, which is very rough, indeed, on the snail. Snails are their own landlords, and never raise their rent; they carry their houses around with them, so in case they have to move on the first of May they are not very materially inconvenienced.

THE TRICHINA. (*Trichina.*)

The Trichina is a worm who lives in pork. It is not good to go fishing with. On account of its feminine termination, it is a she. [Thus do we throw in gratis a little information on Latin etymology, along with our regular stint of natural history.] The Trichina is very small. Our picture shows her 100 times magnified. She is so small, indeed, that, in order to be seen, she has to put on glasses. But, in spite of her smallity, the trichina is no slouch. She can double up a whole family with hog-cholera, one trichina can. She would be invaluable as a member of Sorosis. It is said that she has a wart about two inches below her left ear; but some naturalists deny this. They say it is a boil. But we do not want to commit ourselves on this subject, for fear of creating bad blood.

THE SPIDER. (*Arachnida.*)

The Spider is celebrated in the well-known Gregorian chant: "Will you walk into my parlor, said the Spider to the Fly?" but his character is greatly misrepresented by the hymnist. He is not handsome, and so there has always been a strong popular prejudice against him. But so far as the evidence shows, he is a quiet, unassuming person, who spends his time in making a bad imitation of lace-curtains. When he has made them, he bums around on them in an aimless way; but he has never been known to utter any such remarks as those attributed to him. We have sat under a spider's web all day, and listened hard, but we never heard him accost any fly to whom he had not been introduced. He certainly never soft-soaped any blue-bottle, or asked him to call. On the contrary, if any flies came fooling about his lace-curtains, they did so on their own responsibility, and he chewed them up with a rapidity that must have astounded them. He made them understand, very distinctly, that it wasn't a free-lunch saloon, and that that was his busy day. We have a bald head, and in fly-time we have also a sincere respect for the spider.

THE LEECH. (*Hirudo medicinalis.*)

And now we draw toward the end, and reach, In due progression, the exhaustive leech. Who is in general found on people's gums, Where, Nature's Free-Lunch Fiend, he sits and bums.

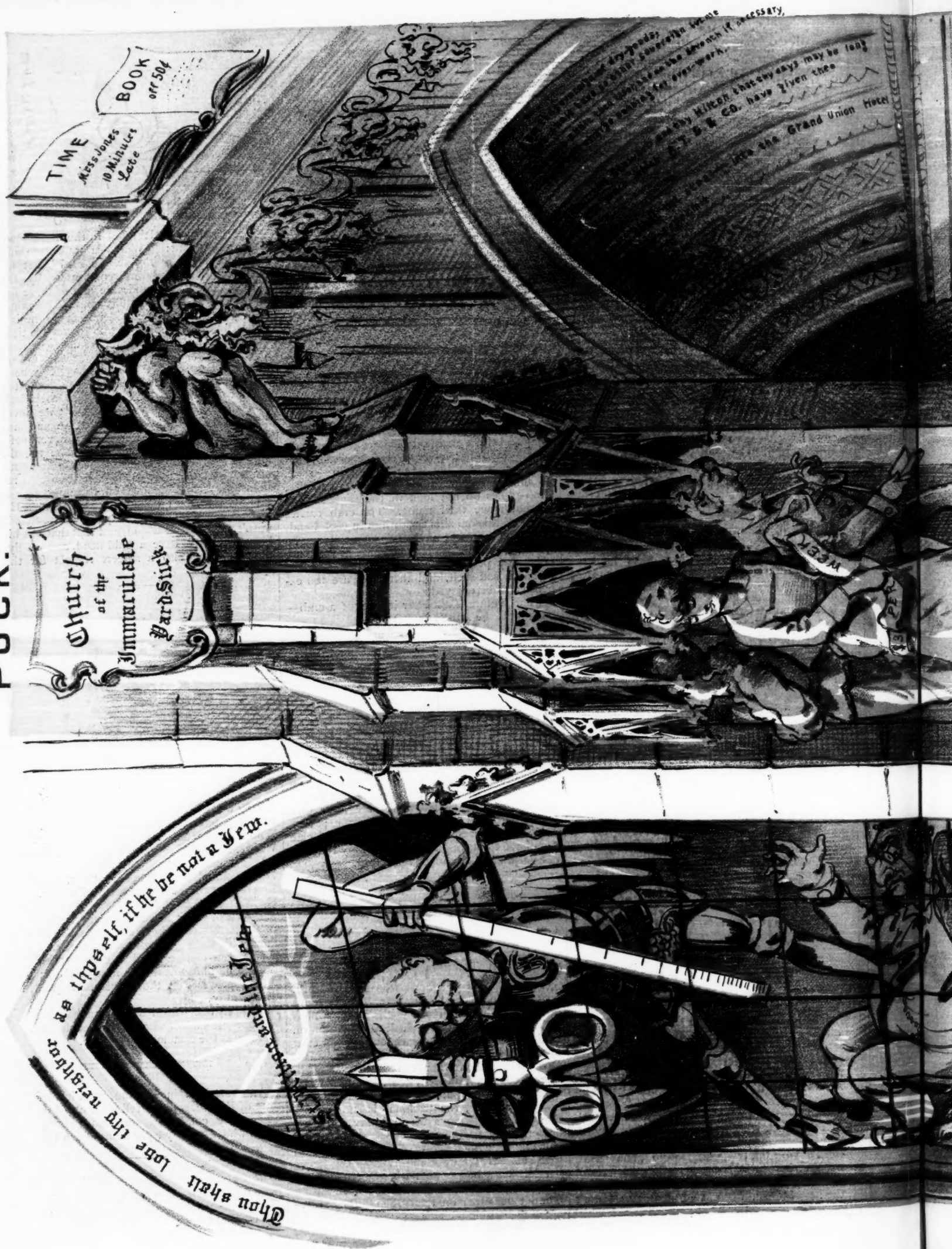
Most evolved of the lower creatures, Resembling Man in many salient features, He can't chew taffy, 'cause he's got no tooth. But what of that? he sucks instead, forsooth, In fact, a better sucker ne'er came o'er men. But by his sucking he oft succors sore men; Thus in our picture you'll perceive his skill In sucking blossoms from a nose that's ill; Which proves that though his use is great, by golly,

At best his occupation's smell-ancholy, For our last subject who more fit could be? Here ends the Natulooral Historee.

AN American in London, speaking of the state of France, said, "Hell itself could not be successfully conducted on such principles." From which we may infer he has been there.

ACCORDING to the *Sun*, Boston's own estimate of Boston's value has shrunk \$60,000,000. Has anybody been taking Chas. Francis Adams down a peg?

PUCK.





MILLIONS FOR SHOW—NOTHING FOR CHARITY.

PUCK: "NO, MY POOR WOMAN, THERE'S NO MONEY TO SPARE, IT HAS ALL GONE TO THE CHURCH!"



Silhouettes AND Songs.

I.

MY SWEETHEART PRAYS.

LINNET and thrush and starling
Sing and soar in the air;
Like to a lark my darling,
Like to its flight her prayer.
Linnet and starling and thrush
Fall asleep in the dark;
Morning breaks on the bush—
With a whirr of wing and a rush
Heavenward rises the lark.

Was there ever a maiden
Fair and true as she?
Roses with honey laden
Are not so sweet to me.
She is like the lilies that play
With faint young winds from the West,
Fresh as a flower in May—
Wherefore has she to pray,
Pure as her own pure breast?

Never a thought of sorrow,
Never a thought of sin,
Doubt or dread of the morrow
Her heart has entered in,
To make her life less fair—
My sweet, my life, my love—
Hast thou a thought or care
For me, in the tender prayer
That speeds so fleet above?

My sweetheart prays; her lover
But one prayer e'er may know;
He says it over and over,
And this way doth it go:
"Oh, God, this birdling wee
Let it be mine for aye;
Dearer than all to me,
Ne'er from my breast to flee!"
—Thus doth thy lover pray.

H. C. BUNNER.

SILAS DRIFT.

THE PAST WEEK.

Dear Puck:

THERE were two theatrical attractions last week. At Wallack's they brought out "Woodleigh" which is another American play. At the Broadway they brought out "Mazeppa," with a trained horse, and an actress not so well trained.

"Woodleigh" might be worse, but "Mazeppa"—hardly. There is very much that is enjoyable about "Woodleigh," Thomas Whiffen especially. He shoots through the four acts on a train of smiles, and makes you forget that a life is all a fleeting show, for man's delusion given."

Wallack's summer season, as I have before remarked, is not the most artistic period in the theatrical time-table. I don't know why it shouldn't be. I hold that if people are kind enough to go to theatres in summer they ought

to be even better recompensed than in winter, when it doesn't require half the moral courage.

But Wallack, when he leaves the theatre for the country, abandons all moral and mental influence, and allows the public to take care of itself and the plays too.

"Woodleigh" appeals to us as a summer attraction. It is too good for that. But if it were put up for a winter attraction, it wouldn't appeal to us at all. It holds an unfortunate middle ground where its merits are half-hidden in its faults; and its faults just let a few merits shine through to impress us with the fact that it oughtn't to be called a summer play.

There is a pleasant atmosphere of pure sentiment enveloping the scenes, which makes Woodleigh enjoyable.

Theodore Hamilton is imbued with the necessary sentiment and acts delightfully. Cyril Searle makes more of his part than I ever saw him make of anything. Miss Lettie Allen carries a sweetness and delicacy through the entire play, in a manner worthy of appreciation; and

as for Mr. Whiffen, he sparkles in his own geniality—a pleasant combination of histrionic talent—but there is not enough material in "Woodleigh" to utilize all this talent. The story is too threadbare, and its interest is forced. It takes four acts to tell a tale that isn't harrowing enough for two; and the dramatic author who, struggling for a climax to an act, makes a mild and beautiful heroine draw forth a sword that she doesn't know how to handle, and hold at bay three able-bodied men, shows how lamentably he is in need of stage material. But "Woodleigh" does not bore an audience, which is high praise, indeed, after "Waves" and the "Crabbed Age." It has two horses and a sleigh in it, which makes it all the more interesting.

The horses are not named in the bills, which is perhaps an oversight. At the new Broadway Theatre, where "Mazeppa" has come forth in tights, the horse rejoices in the name of James Melville. Unlike Fannie Louise Buckingham, he hasn't got a middle name, and evidently feels depressed by the want. He looks like it, and as he dashes up the rocks every night, he seems to be dashing under protest, with a sad expression on his face that plainly indicates a feeling of wrong. The private moral character of Miss Fannie Louise Buckingham, who didn't come from London, but from Philadelphia, having already been liberally discussed in the papers, a grateful but still anxious public now begs to be informed regarding the social standing of the horse. Narrow-minded and jealous rivals of the *Mazeppa's* fiery, untamed steed have been traducing the animal's greatness by reports of a misguided career in a livery stable, and in front of a horse-car; but in this age of social calumny I refuse to believe anything disparaging of James Melville, and until it is proven to the contrary, I shall hold him worthy in every way of the companionship of Miss Fannie Louise Buckingham.

Araminta wouldn't go with me to see this stirring performance, and I had to content myself by taking a very mild male acquaintance, who sells seltzer and vichy for a living, and refuses to be intoxicated by anything before or behind the footlights.

He tried to argue in a philosophical way on the merits of Miss Buckingham as a horsewoman; but as I don't know anything about equestrianism, except as applied to ladies who jump through paper banners in circuses, I couldn't argue with him on his own ground. Besides I claimed, in the innocence of my heart, that no matter how well Miss Buckingham rode a horse, there was no royal road to histrionism that could be ridden over on horseback, and that, however nobly she might plant herself on the quadruped, the manner of delivering her text, and the gestures thereto pertaining, had something to do with an actress's ability.

I might fling in a few remarks here about the degeneracy of the times, and the decay of art. But I won't. I don't think the times are degenerate, or that art is decaying. If you have a tooth that distresses you, you don't immediately begin depreciating the entire structure of your head; but you have that one tooth filled or extracted, as the case may be. And that's what's the matter with the times, and art; and if the new Broadway is the tooth that needs repairing, repair it, but don't censure the entire theatrical universe in your agony.

Briefly yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P.S.—"Baby" comes out at the Park Theatre next week with Miss Stella Boniface, the talented young actress, in the leading rôle. I shall be there. S. D.

HIS POEM.

HE was writing a poem—at least he said he was. He had finished only one line. But that line was a jewel. He came to me last month with a gleam of joy in his eye, and a sweet smile playing gently about his mouth, and he said confidentially:

"I have started it."

"No," I said, in surprise.

"Yes," he replied; "just listen:

'There is a beauty that is born of grace—'

"Beautiful; go on."

"That's all I have written," he concluded, placidly and contentedly.

"That's all?"

"That's all," he repeated, and he sat down and put his feet on the table.

I looked into his eyes, and I saw he meant it.

Then I sat down opposite him, and I reasoned with him. I pleaded with him calmly and quietly. I talked to him like the traditional Teutonic uncle. I told him that, whatever might be the excellence and originality of that one line, it did not constitute a poem. At all events, I asked him to acknowledge that it did not make an epic in Spenserian stanzas, and in six cantos.

This he was obliged to admit.

"Further," said I, warming up with a lofty determination to rescue a misguided mortal from the paths of error, "further, you cannot deny that it is not an idyll in blank verse—nor a pastoral in hexameters?"

"I don't think you understand it," said he—

'There is a beauty that is born of grace—'

I replied that I fully appreciated the delicate charm of the sentiment, and the elegance of the language. I was willing to concede that, as far as it went, it was a masterpiece—worthy of Byron, of Swinburne, of Tennyson or— But it did not go so far as it might. The extent of its progression was limited.

"But," he resumed, entirely unruffled, "I want you to listen to it with an unprejudiced mind. I am not a professional poet. This is my first and only dip into verse, and I don't want to have it depreciated on that account—

'There is a beauty that is born of grace—'

"I have heard you say it," I responded, growing severe, "but I yet fail to see that frequent repetition of that one line adds anything to the length of the entire production."

"Did I say it did?" was his exasperating inquiry.

I kept my temper with an effort, and resolved to be magnanimous, and try to lead him gently into the right way.

"Now, if you had," I suggested, "another line to rhyme with that one, you know, it would help it out. For instance, you might say:

'There is a beauty that is born of grace,
That keeps perpetual Summer in her face.'

"It won't do," was his ungrateful and emphatic rejoinder.

I could not deny that the line was anything but original. Moreover, the phrase "perpetual summer" might be open to misconstruction, and might be parodied. It would be unpleasant if anything were said about a "perpetual picnic," or a "perpetual circus"—two variations which would instantaneously suggest themselves to the profane mind.

So I offered him another line.

"Perhaps you would like something musical and alliterative; something Swinburnean, such as:

'A lovelight lingering in her face,'

or something like that?"

"'Love-light' be blown. Nothing of the sort. You haven't caught the idea. It hasn't anything to do with her face. I know just what I want to say, but I can't say it. Something

about 'gallop apace' ought to come in there. Then, again, the rhyme doesn't want to come in until the third line; there's a whole lot to be told in the second line, but I can't just shape it into the proper words."

"You do, then, acknowledge the imperfection of the work as it now stands?" said I. "Now there's some chance of our coming to something. But 'gallop apace' isn't what you want at all."

"It is," he said.

"Now *what*," I demanded, "has 'gallop apace' got to do with the subject? Do you want the young woman to gallop apace, or are you talking about a mare? You might as well put it:

'There is a beauty that is born of grace
Like that observable in Jimmy Mace.'

"Nonsense!" he growled.

"Well," I went on, feeling the poetic spirit working within me, "there are plenty of other rhymes. Suppose we try something like this:

'There is a beauty that is born of grace,
Rather infrequent in the human race.'

"I will not have it," he roared, "I won't take any infernal idiotic suggestions. That line will stand as it is. I'm going to send it to Washington and have it copyrighted, if I never write another line in the world. Do you think I don't know what's good when I see it?"

"I don't doubt your general ability," was my cool and collected reply, as I sat back in my chair, and spoke with a touch of dignity—I am glad I did, for it was the last touch of the kind I had an opportunity to get in for the next few minutes. "I don't doubt that you are a well-educated man, and a talented man, and a virtuous man. But you have not had that experience in versification which qualifies you to avail yourself of the poet's license in this reckless manner. I think, indeed, when you come to contemplate the situation calmly, you will be willing to defer to my literary skill and experience, and adopt this arrangement for your charming theme:

'There is a beauty that is born of grace,
That adds a wondrous—'

"Just stop right there!" he said, as he reached out for me; "literary ability be damned; we'll settle this thing by physical force!"

That was a month ago. I met him again last night. I asked him how his poem was getting along, and he pointed proudly to that beautiful line—unsullied by unworthy alliance—a solitary gem, of purest ray serene:

"There is a beauty that is born of grace."

FITZNOODLE IN NEW YORK.



bers a great deal. Now, some fellows at the club are bwokahs. Bwokahs are fellows who have to go in the city every day to do varwious things. I weally don't know what the word is derwived fwom; but it is pwobably because they verwy often go bwoke. Jack Carnegie says bwokahs are not pwecisely an Amerwican institution, as there are a gweat many at home.

Verwy likely; but I nevah met a bwokah there—at any wate, in a club. An Amerwican bwokah is considered quite a decent and wespectable pwofession, so I can't verwy well wefuse to meet such fellows. Two or thrwee dwove me down in a carwidge to Wall, as they called it, which turned out not to be a wall at all, but a stweet. Extwemely odd—wasn't it? They said they were going on 'change, and they'd show me the Board of Bwokahs. I thought that must be a doosid curwious board; but New York is so cwowded with boarding-houses, that, on weflecting, I wasn't surpwised to hear it. We went in a buidling, into a large woom with a gallerwy; but there was such a fwightful wacket fwom five or six hundwed fellows twying to speak at once, that it almost dwove me distwacted. It was just like a jolly wow down by the docks. There was a fellow witing some hiewoglyphics in chalk on the board of bwokahs—which is a black-board—and another fellow with an iworwy hammer, which he keeps knocking, standing on an arwangement wesembling a pulpit, or the wostwum they sell horses fwom at Tattersall's. Everwy fellow, I suppose, had quarwelled with everwy other fellow. It's too much of a baw to ask questions, but that was the conclusion I dwew. My bwokah fwriends said that all those noisy wascals were buying or selling stock—though I didn't see any stock—and that they were either bulls or bears, and that fellows did the same thing in our countwy. Pwobably they do; but I nevah saw it, and I wefuse to believe that any fellow in Gweat Bwitain—even if he is a bwokah, or a bwicklayer, or a merchant, or any ordinarwy twade of the kind—would be in the chwonic state of shaking his fists in fellows' faces, or poking them in the wibs, or kicking up such an infernal wow. I was weally verwy glad to go to a westawwant with my bwokah fwriends and get some bwandy-and-sodah and some luncheon. I don't know what the devil I should do if I had to be an Amerwican bwokah. What with "puts" and "calls," and "stwaddeles" and "margins," and "long" and "short" and "spweads," et ceterwa, bwoking must wesemble the differwential calculus, or the wule of thrwee, or some other abstwuse subject.

LINES TO A DRESSMAKER.



I.
H, wherefore bid me leave thy side,
Dear Polly? I would ask;
How can I all my feelings cloak,
When in thy smiles I basque?
Nay, "Polly-nay," I cannot go!
Oh, do not stand aloof
When of my warm affection
You possess, oh, wat-er-proof.

II.
Why will you thus my feelings gore
By sending me away?
You know it's wrong, of corset it is,
Thus to forbid my stay.
It seems as though some fell disease
Was gnawing at my heart,
And hem-orrhage would soon ensue
If we, perchance, should part.

III.
Then waist the precious time no more,
But let the parson tie us
Sew firmly, that the marriage knot
Shall never be cut bias.
In peaceful quietude we'll float
On life's unruffled tide,
Nor let the bustle of the world
"Pull-back," as on we glide.

—Charles Francis Adams, in the Detroit Free Press.

THE HUMORIST OF LASUEUR.

MR. LANIGAN, of Lasueur, was a young man of twenty-two years of age, with an unlimited belief in his own comic powers, and a tender attachment for a local young lady. He was accustomed to call upon her at least four evenings in the week, and to entertain her with his brilliant conversation from 7 till 11 o'clock. When spending the evening with the object of his adoration, he would constantly ask, "When is a jar not a door?" and insist that the young lady should give it up and let him furnish the answer. He also had a habit of remarking, in an apparently careless way, that it was "a good day for the race;" and when the young lady, out of her vast charity, would ask "what race?" he would triumphantly answer, "the human race! ha! ha!"

The young lady was timid and gentle. She disliked scenes of violence and humor, and she could not bear to treat an alleged fellow-being with unkindness. But at last she felt the time for endurance was past, and that duty to herself and her friends required her to suppress Mr. Lanigan at any cost. So, on Wednesday last, she gave a birthday party. All the young men and young women of Lasueur were invited, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

Encouraged by a larger audience than usual, Mr. Lanigan opened fresh stores of humor, and culminated his criminal career by displays of amateur ventriloquism. When he asked the imaginary old man in the chimney what he was doing up there, or held idiotic conversations with pretended Peters concealed under the sofa, or quarreled with a hypothetical Irishman in the closet, he cast a gloom over the entire company.

Finally the ice-cream was announced, and the young hostess with her own hands pressed a plate of that soothing compound upon the hilarious humorist.

That plate of ice-cream contained morphine, and the drug was swallowed without suspicion by the doomed Lanigan. Fifteen minutes later, or at precisely 10:15, he was seated in an arm-chair profoundly asleep. The guests recovered their spirits. The hum of conversation was renewed. The dance went on.

All would have been well had not an ill-judged attempt to awaken Mr. Lanigan been made about midnight. The attempt was a failure. No amount of shaking or yelling could startle the sleeper from his slumbers. A wild hope that he was actually dead flushed the cheeks and brought a smile to the lips of more than one of those present, but this hope was dashed by a leading physician, who remarked that a stomach-pump "would fetch him," and therefore went home to procure that instrument, in spite of the remonstrances of those who implored him not to disturb the humorist, but to quietly send the undertaker with a coffin and a hearse. Nevertheless, the stomach-pump was brought; Mr. Lanigan was carried into the back-yard and carefully pumped out. He was then filled with whisky, in order to counteract the effect of the morphine, and at four o'clock in the morning was sufficiently recovered to be wheeled home in a wheelbarrow.

The New York Times, from which we bouccault this touching narrative, furnishes the following moral:

"This story, while it furnishes a terrible warning to reckless humorists, is especially valuable to the oppressed. Morphine can be had at any drug store, and a dose large enough for a full-grown humorist costs but a few cents. The stomach-pump need not be used, and indeed should not be. It is said to inflict fearful agonies upon a patient, and the man must indeed be hard-hearted who would pump a slumbering humorist back to life."

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

CHAPTER XV.

WHILST M. de Gaillefontaine was carefully scattering the seed of hemlock, René sowed healthful grain. She left the preparations for her journey to the women who were to accompany her, and set herself to inquire into the affairs of her dependents and the tenants upon her estate. She made such concessions and alterations in their favor as seemed to her right and just and good. For this young lady had happily so little of worldly wisdom in her, that she acted upon those generous impulses which most people possess and proclaim until they have the ability to put their principles into practice. Neighboring estate-owners disapproved her generosity, and took it as a further proof that she was an alien from their society, and no Birón; but those who were benefited blessed her name, and vowed she deserved a better.

Tom Reynolds engaged her especial solicitude, which was but natural; for his love of Mattie Blake was known to René; and she, having as yet no love-affair of her own, must needs, by virtue of her womanhood, interest herself in the sorrows and joys of others.

That she should interest herself in the affairs of her gardener may appear odd to the general reader; but her action in matters which are to follow will appear yet more peculiar, unless it is conceded that René was no ordinary young lady of fortune, and recognition is taken of the uncommonness of the circumstances by which she was surrounded. Some people are too apt to proclaim a thing monstrous simply because their knowledge is limited. Novelists are naturalists—students of Nature who seek new types of life; and if they tell of creatures whose ears are not eight inches long, it is only for asses to declare the animal abnormal and a monstrosity.

René could be queen and subject both. It is the quality of the greatest to have feelings in common with the lowliest, and of the noble to be guided only by their own decision upon the propriety of action. René was in every sense independent; and where inclination guided she boldly stepped, if she saw no reasonable objection to her progress.

The condition of Tom Reynolds was distressful. He was a slave to Mattie Blake, and she was no better than other slave-owners. It is true she had forgotten Hugh, and sighed over his incomprehensible beautiful letters no more; and she had also forgotten a dozen other lovers who had praised her beauty. But she was an insatiable conqueror, and each fresh triumph fired her with desire for further victory. Tom had actually asked her to be his wife in the most unmistakable and fewest possible words; and she had refused as plainly, but in such a manner as to leave him a hope that she might alter her mind. She had the refined cruelty of a cat who plays with a mouse, and allowed him just so much love as kept his passion from dying. He took his place regularly in the coffee-room of the Ferry-boat; sang his song or drank his ale more or less cheerfully, as Mattie happened to be kind to him or to others. During the Summer months, the coffee-room after dark was seldom without one or two gentlemen from London; and with them she exchanged glances that wrought jealousy in her faithful lover. He tried to be cheerful, and struggled manfully to exclude jealousy, as a meanness, from his heart;

but he gave over whistling, and spent his breath instead in deep sighs. It was long before he would speak of his distress; but after a time it became his comfort to tell his thoughts to René. Usually he commenced the conversation by a philosophical reflection suggested by the work in hand.

"You asked me yesterday why I don't forget Mattie and walk out with another young party. Look here, miss; see this geranium, weak and sickly. Why don't I pull it up and plant another in this pot more likelier to graow?" He turned the plant out of the pot, and continued: "See how the roots have run through every part of that earth. When I pull the plant out it takes with it all that can nourish life, and leaves nothing for another to graow in. I shall graow nothing but Mattie in my heart. I love once and no moare. I arn't a perennial, but a cactus, that flowers once and dies."

"She uses you shamefully," said René, who had a woman's intolerance of womanly failings.

"Yes, miss; but she doan't use nobody else shamefully, and that's why I know she doan't really love nubody really but me. If she served me same as them I'd—there, I doan't know what I'd do. Very like I'd do nothing. Sometimes I think I'll emigrate, and go right away from her; and then I say to myself, 'Tummas, what a vool you be! Miles o' water won't seperate yeour heart from she: an' if yeou caen't be happy seein' her sweet face o' nights, how will yeou be happy where yeou caen't see nowt but wild savages and elephants, maybe? Do yeou think it won't be night because yeou caen't see noa star?'"

"But does she always neglect you?"

"Always," exclaimed Tom, joyfully, "when there's any swell in the room. An' yet it makes me happy when she fills my moog fuller 'an all the rest; an' when she can see noan but the gent who's just come daown from Oxford, I feel as though the beer I drink n'd choke me. That shows you, miss, how onreasonable we men are. But she deu use me as shamefully as she uses no un else. T'other day Sir Radcliffe Clinker's Gearge he sayed to me, 'Tummas, yeou must be off yeour head to stand bein' fooled like that theer. Yeou might deu better,' he says. 'Widow Thompson she's sweet on yeou.' 'Yeou wait till yeour' a widerer, then yeou can marry her yerself, since yeou think so much of her. She's good enough for yeou, she arn't for me,' I says. Then he says, 'Well, she's better 'an Mattie Blake, for she's false to every man.' He didn't say noa moare; for I give un such a thoomp side of hes face as give un summut else to think of. No, miss; if Mattie is not all I sometimes wish she was, it may be it's because she's better. I won't be one to say she's not perfect. If she arn't, it's just because she can't help it. Roses won't graow witheout thorns. She is so young and so pretty; and if fine gentlemen tell her so, she can't help but be pleased. I'm preoud to see her admired, and I wouldn't have her lose the pleasure her beauty brings her. I don't despair. One day she will think seriously, I do believe."

"She will marry you when she finds herself deserted by others."

"That's what I hope," said Tom cheerfully.

"When these gentlemen all go away, she'll think that there's one as never deserts her; one as will do what none of those swells will; one who will give her a home and work for her, and serve her truly all his life."

"Do you think she has any love for you?"

"I know she have when no one else is by. I'm not afeerd of her not loving me. If she was my wife she'd be true and good. It wouldn't be natural for so perfect a flower to have a faulty seed under it. There's a right good heart in her pretty body."

"Then why don't you marry her?"

"Cause she won't marry me."

"But you do not try to make her."

Tom Reynolds looked questioningly.

"Some women would rather serve than rule; and they being made rulers rule badly, because it is not natural for them to rule at all."

Tom looked puzzled, and René proceeded to put her meaning into demonstration.

"Did you ever try the effect of staying away from the Ferry-boat for a while?"

"When Master Hugh and she were, as I may say, engaged, I stayed away."

"And Mattie was very kind to you when you returned?"

"She asked me to return. And—oh, yes; she was very kind—for a time."

"And since then have you tried staying away for a while?"

"Lord, yes, miss! over and over again I have."

"And how did it succeed?"

"Well, I can't say that it succeeded at all; for, you see, though I tried and tried, again and again, I could *not* keep away."

René smiled, and said:

"Will you follow my directions, Reynolds?"

Tom fidgeted sheepishly, and said he hoped he had never been found wanting in obedience.

"Then obey me now. I am going to London to-morrow morning; be in readiness to accompany me. But do not tell Mattie of your going."

"No fear of that, miss; she doan't give me a chance o' saying healf as much as that to her."

In the morning, with Tom Reynolds as body-guard, René went to London, where she had certain purchases to make for her approaching journey. It was also her purpose to separate if she could the lovers whose happiness she sought. She was convinced that if the tables were turned upon Mattie she would become suppliant, and that her marriage might follow. She agreed with Tom that the girl was good at heart, and would make a true and faithful wife, especially if she were removed from the temptation to listen to flattery. The giddiest girls of the working class sober after marriage.

At an estate-agent's she learnt that there was a nursery in Brixton to let, with immediate possession, and thither she went, and took Tom's opinion as to the advisability of speculating in the business.

"If I had the money, miss, I'd take it myself—that is, if—"

"If you had a wife to make the house comfortable?"

Tom sighed.

"How long will it take to put the house in repair, furnish it, and make it quite fit to live in?"

"If I were about, to see that the men stuck to their work, I'd see it through in a fortnight."

"Then set about it this very day, and when it is finished come to me."

Tom looked uneasy and reflective, but his rising arguments were kept down by René's.

"You will furnish the house as if it were for yourself," said she. "Do not spare expense. I intend it to be a comfortable home for one I respect; think of that. I will instruct my solicitor to furnish you with what money you require; and if you want anything from Riverford, write for it. Here is money for your immediate use; the agent shall meet you here to-morrow. And now I must tell you that I am doing something for Mattie Blake's good; and you must promise me not to write to her until I give you permission. I will let you know where you may find me when your work here is finished."

Tom Reynolds had a shrewd idea as to René's intention, but modesty and gratitude

forbade him to openly see it, or to urge a request that he might be allowed to go back to Riverford for the things he required.

René closed with the estate-agent, went to her solicitor, made her purchases, and returned alone to Riverford. The following morning she sent for Mattie.

The little coquette came in her best, and looked prettier than a picture. The brightest ribbons seemed not inharmonious upon her, nor otherwise than a confusion of wild flowers from the midst of which rises a rose. She tripped up the broad path with saucy gayety, looking this way and that expectantly. She expected that somewhere she should see Tom. She was piqued by his absence the previous evening, which was more noticeable because there was not a soul to pay attentions to her. She would have been kind to him had he come; disappointment turned her sweetness to gall, and she hoped to see him, that she might revenge herself by cutting him. He was not to be seen, and her heart fell; but she would not suffer her manner to betray her in the presence of Miss Biron.

"I am going abroad," said René, "and I want a young woman to attend me. Do you think you should like to accept the situation for a few weeks?"

"There is nothing in the world I would like better," answered Mattie, joyfully, as vengeance upon the offending lover, the glory of mixing with real gentlefolks, and of seeing handsome foreigners, flooded her mind with delight.

"Could your father spare you?"

Mattie was certain her father would do anything to oblige Miss Biron; he was her tenant, and she had ordered his weirs to be put in repair at her own expense; and, moreover, the season was past, and there were no gentlemen, no visitors, at the Ferry-boat.

"And there is no tie in Riverford you fear to break?"

"None," Mattie declared emphatically and with a little frown.

"I will write to your father, and if you have his consent, you can make your preparations at once. I shall leave England on Monday."

An hour later Mattie was in the room, surrounded by the entire stock of her finery, making a selection of the things she would take with her, and rehearsing the while the nonchalant speech with which she would inform Tom Reynolds of her intention of leaving Riverford. She anticipated the dejection with which he would hear of her intention, and the tender speech which it would probably move him to, and which she certainly would reply to with a coolness that must cut him to the heart. There was no Tom to hurt that night, nor the next, which was Sunday, and she only suffered. But if she shed a tear, it was of vexation and not remorse. The very triumph of her departure from the village was marred by his absence. But she carried herself throughout with becoming carelessness.

She knew of no specific cause for Tom's unexpected defection. She had used him no worse the last time he visited her than in the last fifty times. It was a mystery, and troubled her; but lest Miss Biron should think she was troubled on account of not seeing Tom Reynolds, she affected happy composure. It was a poor consolation; still it is something to feel that you have pride.

In the course of their journey to Dover René asked her if she knew anything of Mrs. Thompson, a widow. Mattie paled for an instant, and then gave voluminous information. She said the most spiteful things in the sweetest words of Mr. Thompson's relict, and showed plainly to René that she knew of the widow's affection for Tom Reynolds.

René asked no more questions, and left curiosity to further her plan. Her silence was

torture to Mattie, who burned to know in what way Miss Biron could be interested in the widow. She dared not continue the subject for fear of betraying the jealousy she felt; and, moreover, her mistress had retreated into the further corner of the carriage, and opened a novel. She could not but conjecture an explanation. It was a painful process by which she arrived at a painful conclusion. First she thought over mystery number one, with its disappointments, in which Tom Reynolds was the principal figure; then, turning to mystery number two, she recalled all the unpleasant things that had been hinted to her of Mrs. Thompson. Her lover and the widow became coupled in her mind, and at length mystery number two suggested an explanation of mystery number one. Her heart ached with jealousy, and by the time she reached Dover she hated Tom Reynolds.

The voyage across the Channel was bad, and not otherwise was Mattie. The stewardess had sufficient occupation with the ladies, and left their maids to comfort each other. Oh, how Mattie longed to be in the fresh air! how she yearned for a soothing voice, a remedial hand, an encouraging glance! She knew of one who, whatever her extremity, would have given her comfort and help. She felt she was horribly dirty and ugly as she passed from the dreadful packet to the shore. The Frenchmen laughed at her, and said things to her which she could not understand. Then her heart veered round, and she loved Tom as she had never loved any one before. In the hotel she could understand nobody, and she wept upon her pillow at night, and lengthened her prayer for the happiness of Mr. Reynolds, and begged that her heart might be softened, and that she might be a good girl in future and for ever and ever, amen.

She did not like the Italian cookery, and foreigners were not half so beautiful as she had expected. They were dirty and contrasted ill with a certain fresh-skinned Englishman, who, when he stood near her, was fragrant of geranium and moss. A letter from her father told her that Tom Reynolds had left Riverford, and, it was rumored, had taken a nursery in London. "And no wonder," wrote the parent, "considering how miserable his life were made here. And so, my fine girl, you have lost the best chance you ever had, or are likely to have in this world, and there is no one betwixt him and widow Thompson."

"What do I care for widow Thompson!" cried Mattie, crushing the letter up fiercely; then, dropping it, she put her hands to her face, and began to cry.

She fancied every one knew the secret pain in her heart, and, indeed, it was as much as she could do to conceal it. There was no melody in her voice when she hummed, no happiness in her eye when she smiled. It was a misery to pretend gayety. Her sweetest moments were at night, when she might cry upon her pillow without restraint. She looked forward to the night-time through the day. She would have liked to lead up to the subject of Tom Reynolds when she was alone with her mistress, but feared that the mention of his name might bring the tell-tale tears into her eyes.

(To be continued.)

EVERYTHING is not in a name. The small paths in Fairmount Park are called foot-paths, while the very large path on the other side of the river is called a tow-path.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

THE history of beer dates back to the time of the old Egyptians, but it is not recorded that any old Egyptian ever drank fourteen "schooners" at one sitting, in order that thirteen other old Egyptians might have the pleasure of "treating around."—*Worcester Press*.



Puck's Exchanges.

THE BARBER ESCAPED.

"CUT my hair," said the customer, as he seated himself in a barber's chair, "and be sure you let it run down the back of my neck," referring, of course, to the particular style of the cut.

The barber was a western artist, having lately arrived in Oil City from St. Louis.

After clipping away for some time he concluded that perhaps the hair wasn't running down his customer's neck as fast as that individual might desire it—although for the life of him he couldn't see why he should *want* it to run down at all—and when a quantity had accumulated inside his shirt-collar, the accommodating barber shoved it down and out of sight with the handle of the brush.

This performance was repeated two or three times, and the customer began to realize what was going on. Henceforward he took a lively interest in the proceedings. He said:

"What, in the name of the bird with the broad and sweeping wing, are you doing?"

"It didn't seem to run down," said the barber, apologetically, "and so I crammed it down with the brush."

The customer acted like a man who had just made the discovery that a rat had built her nest between his shoulder-blades and had kittens there; so he yelled:

"Cram your crammed head to cramnation!" and then, turning a double somersault out of his chair, he kicked at the reflection of the barber in the looking-glass. The barber escaped. —*Oil City Derrick*.

Now is the time for lovers to get spooney over ice-cream, she taking a few pretty dabs at his vanilla, and he borrowing a taste of her chocolate. This process inspires confidence in the day when they will be throwing corned-beef and cabbage across the table. —*Mail*.

JOHN HENRY was with Julia the other evening, when she observed:

"John, dear, what is all this talk about contracting and expanding the currency, and which do you believe in?"

"Well, my sweet," said John, pulling up his collar, "that depends upon circumstances. In some cases I should advocate contraction of the currency, and in others an expansion of it. It is according to the circumstances—that is, the condition of things."

"But what is the difference between the two, and how does circumstances affect them? That's what I want to know, John."

"Oh, that's easily explained," said John, in a tone of great cheerfulness. "For instance—when we are alone we both sit on one chair, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's contraction. But when we hear your pa or ma coming we get on two chairs, don't we?"

"I should say we did."

"Well, my love, that is expansion. So you see it is according to circumstances."

"John," said she, very softly, burrowing under his ear, "we are contracting now, ain't we?"

"You bet," said John, with increased cheerfulness. —*Danbury News*.

CADET FLIPPER denies the newspaper report "that every member of the graduating class blushed when General Hancock praised them." —*Phila. Bulletin*.

We feel better and calmer now. We are not entirely "cam," but we make it a point, if we can't be cam, to be as cam as we can. But we were the maddest man about five minutes ago. Too mad to do anything but stamp up and down, and howl and swear and cry for gore. We wrote something about two months ago about Hamlet and the Mother Queen, and just now learned that as the article appeared in the paper it said "Mother Green." And by this time the compositor who did it is in Texas, far, far away from the loving arms that reach out and yearn for his hair and vitals. —*Hawkeye*.

"JONES, old fellow, I hope I see you well!" exclaimed a cordial Oil City man yesterday as he grabbed an acquaintance by the hand and shook it warmly.

"Well enough, I hope," returned Jones with much interest—and he swallowed a pint of interrogation points—"Why?"

The cordial man scratched his ear violently, but no particular reason why occurring to him, he walked on apparently lost in thought. At least, this is the version the *Derrick* gives of the occurrence.

THE *Philadelphia Bulletin* has gone into the archaeological line, and has discovered that the weapon of the Scandinavian god Thor was not a hammer, as commonly reported, but a thorax.

THERE is a woman in New York who has a pair of breaches of promise on hand; but Dr. Mary Walker doesn't have any fellow-feeling for her. —*Worcester Press*.

WE observe in the paper an item to the effect that a mother in Maryland bit off her child's toe in her sleep. We have so often remonstrated with mothers against the practice of sleeping with their children's toes in their mouths, that we have little sympathy for this woman. Sooner or later the catastrophe is sure to come. —*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

THE captain of a Kansas base ball nine can look back to the time when his term in the New York Legislature expired and he started West with new and better resolves. —*Worcester Press*.

THE *Erie Dispatch* has gone into the study of chirography, and has made the following report on the handwriting of a prominent merchant of Erie:

"It looked like a picnic in a thunder-storm. We saw one of his letters yesterday. On the first page could be seen where the lightning had performed a quadruple somersault and gone tearing around like a wild bull in a ten-acre lot. A river Danube was found on the second page, and along its tortuous winding course could be seen the rival armies of the East. On the third page the storm must have been at its height. In the south corner was outlined a dripping umbrella with ten people under it, while in the centre, swimming around stumps, were pound-cakes, sandwiches, napkins and lunch-baskets. The fourth and last page apparently was struck by a three-cornered bolt of chain-lightning, that doubled and twisted itself into more shapes in one second than seventy-two boys with a simultaneous attack of cucumber colic could in three days. It then spread in one hundred and ten directions, and the signature looked like a war map, cut bias."

It may possibly interest the reader to hear that the monument mentioned by Thucydides as having been erected by Pisistratus, son of Hippias, in the Temple of Apollo Pythius, has been found, "lying neglected on the right bank of the Ilissus, southwest of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus." —*Classical Paragrapher of the Philadelphia Bulletin*.

SLOWLY but surely they are disappearing. For years one of the most prominent landmarks in Omaha was a loose plank in the street railway-track at the south crossing of Fifteenth, at the intersection of Douglass Street, which plank made itself very useful in rainy weather. Going home at a late hour on dark nights, the bewildered pedestrian would step on that plank, and, as a quart of thin mud was suddenly dashed up in his face, he would exclaim, with a feeling of relief: "Now I know where I am," and, thus set at rights as to his bearings, would pursue his way with confidence. Now, all this is changed. The street railway company laid down a new plank in place of the old one last week, and henceforth the belated citizen will cross the street at this point without knowing whether he is in the business part of town or skirmishing around in the suburbs. —*Omaha Herald*.

We don't know what the river steamboats are going to do to-morrow if Jones succeeds in his efforts. He left the city yesterday and told us before going that "he intended to fish up the Delaware." —*Phila. Bulletin*.

ANY improvement visible in this issue of the *Gazette* may be attributable to the absence of the editor. —*Yonkers Gazette*.

SAN FRANCISCO speaks through her *News Letter*:

"It is useless trying to compete with Boston either in learning or gentility. But hitherto we did imagine that in precocity we were her equal, if not her superior. The Hub probably heard of our boast and has just mildly taken us down about eleven pegs. One of her citizens, named Welsh, has just killed another citizen, named Fagerstrom, with a brick. Citizen Welsh is two years and-a-half old; his enemy was six months older. A jury of Boston babies brought in a verdict of justifiable infanticide, Mr. Fagerstrom having insulted Mr. Welsh beyond endurance. From the testimony it appears that the deceased crawled into defendant's yard and said, 'Oo ain't weaned.' This irritated him so that he fractured the skull of deceased with the first weapon that came handy, namely, a piece of brick. Mr. F., in our opinion, richly deserved his fate. He was continually boasting that he had four teeth more than Mr. W., and making insulting allusions to the latter's fondness for maternal nourishment. If Fagerstrom's fate only acts as a warning to other children, that last brick will not have been thrown in vain."

A VERY valuable dog, affirms the *Boston Globe*, died suddenly in that city, recently, and, on being opened, sixty-one shingle-nails were found in his stomach. The inference was that he had swallowed a sample clerk in the hardware line.

THE Princess of Wales has grown deaf as a post, and her delighted husband now kisses the hired girl behind the hall-door, with resounding smacks that shake the pendants on the chandeliers, with perfect impunity. —*Hawkeye*.

MISS KATE FIELD makes some remarkable statements about Dr. Schliemann. She says that she wanted to take his portrait, and that she has been obliged to give him sittings at six in the morning. "On one occasion," she writes to a friend, "I didn't go to bed at all. I received him in a ball-dress, and he came in evening-suit! Both of us had been at parties until five. That is the sort of man he is, and if there's anything to be discovered, he'll discover it." We hope Mrs. Schliemann likes this behavior. —*New York World*.

PRIVATE remark by R. B. H. to Mrs. Hayes. —"Don't be alarmed, my dear. It was merely lemonade with a strawberry in it. Berry got tangled in the ice and hence the color." —*Rochester Democrat*.

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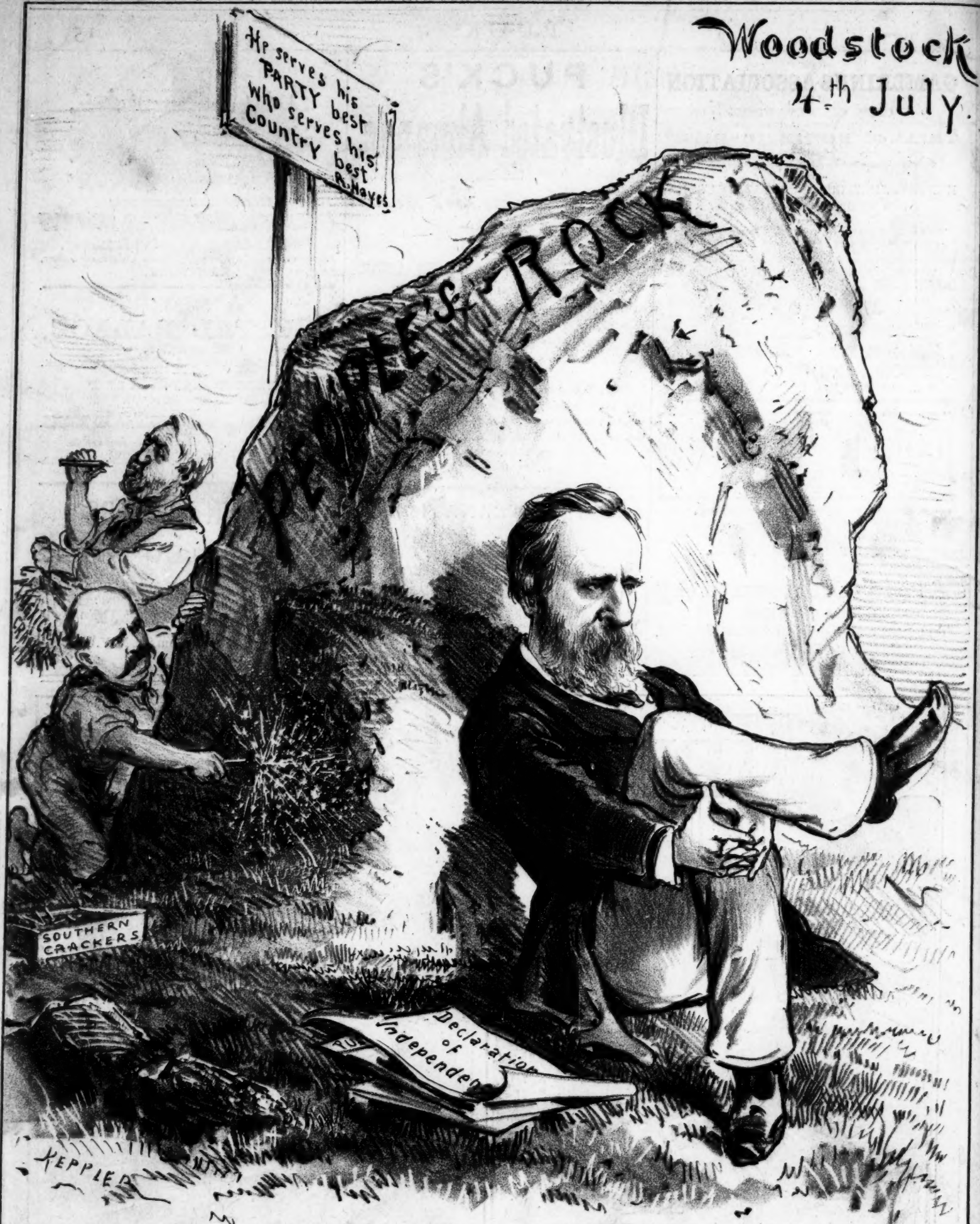
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